

## CHAPTER 4 – THE NEW TEAM

My first priority as the General Manager was to appoint an energetic and positive young engineer whom I could mould to take charge of the factory production and stores. He would carry the title of Factory Manager.

*I had a few individuals in mind for other senior managerial positions meaning that the selection process for the positions of Store Manager, Costing and for Sales would not require me to go via the advertising route.*

Introducing our new Factory Manager: aggressive, determined, well educated Tom Moody.

Thirty one years of age, blond, lithe and highly intelligent, this young engineer came across at interview as a young man on the up. When he was reference-checked by me, I was happy to hear that Tom was driven to succeed and was hungry to promote himself. Just the man for me .

I wanted somebody to ultimately step into my shoes as the GM –elect.

My first discussion with Tom went along these lines: morale is low. We are going to introduce immediate changes to show our staff that we mean business. In one week's time, I expect you to have made yourself familiar with the factory hands. Changes coming in after your first week one, will be to hire equipment to move the machines so that the flow of material and WIP is not east to west like at present but from South to North.

I proceeded to make the point using a ruler on the empty desk. I struck the desk pointed out point South where our fenced Raw Material Stores would exist – at the rear of the building for the off-loading of the trucks making their deliveries of steel. We would locate the fenced Finished Goods Store at the opposite end of the factory to the North near administration and the front office.

Tom listened silently. He uttered not one word. He gathered I had studied what was needed – that there was no discussion needed on this score. None. He knew I wanted him to merely implement.

Tom shook his head in the affirmative. “ I have it – it is crystal clear. Leave this to me.”

He waltzed out of my office telling me I had selected the right man.

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The second senior appointment needed to be made was to identify the individual to take control of our under-performing service division. I had met limey Bill Sutton who was running his own mechanical workshop. Bill had made money working cleverly. His

investments in the stock market was giving him a good return. Bill came across to me as someone who needed a new challenge.

Mature, experienced, tough and determined. To get him on board was not easy. I took the unusual route of agreeing to build a mezzanine structure on his premises to house the new service division.

This would be located at Ringwood about one kilometre from the main factory.

Required was a large area to store our Spare Parts, Office space and a small interview room.

I gave Bill the go-ahead to get building plans and asked him to revert with a material requirement budget needed to get the structure built to his own specifications. Time needed to complete the building task was one month. The decision to have the service division off site would later be found to have been a poor one. Importantly however, the new-look company was taking place.

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The position of sales executive was an easy task to fill. I had bumped Joel Solomon some years before. (his real name used here to honour the finest sales person I had ever met). I was working for a large international recruitment organization at the time when my secretary burst into my office with the excitement of one who had just won the lottery.

“Mr Nathan, Mr Nathan” she cried ‘ you have just got to see this man.”

Normal procedure is such that candidates submit written resumes which are then in turn, scrutinized to identify candidates for short-listing. Candidates who outwardly conform to the client’s needs and position requirements are then interviewed and reference-checked. It is a time-consuming but thorough procedure.

Claire’s excitement made me look up and ask.

“ Yes Claire – who is this man ? What job is he making application for ? “

Her breathe came in short spurts.....” He will tell you. Please interview him”

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In walked debonair Joel Solomon into my life.

What a ball of fire. The energy beamed out of him like an electric charge.

Short, a smiling red face and chutzpah de luxe.

“Joel Solomon at your service.” He extended his hand .

The business card came next.

It simply read JOEL SOLOMON obs - PROBLEM SOLVER

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